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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON.

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A Governor's Perquisite.

Social and political circles are just now agitated over the fact that Gov. Crittenden, of Missouri, has kissed Mme. Patti.

The prima donna thus describes the operation:

"All of a sudden he leaned down, put his arms around me, drew me up to him and kissed me. He said: 'Mme. Patti, I may never see you again, and I can not help it.' And before I knew it he was kissing me."

From which it seems that the Governor not only kissed her, but kept kissing her. Of course this has excited all kind of comment and speculation. Gen. Sherman probably thinks that the Governor has thus formally declared himself a candidate for the Presidency on the General's own platform, while the Governor's enemies are doubtless comparing him to those historic personages who, on the authority of Shakespeare, "kissed away kingdoms and provinces."

The simple explanation of the affair, in all probability, is that Patti is pretty, and that Governor Crittenden is a Kentuckian and knows a good thing in this line when he sees it.

"What can one do?" asked Patti, in telling the story. "When an old gentleman and a nice old gentleman, too, and a Governor of a great State, kisses one so quickly that one has not time to see, and no time at all to object, what can one do?"

There are several things which she could do, but what should she do? She might sue the Governor for damages, but it is the man we take him to be, we would pay all charges willingly, and then demand more at the same price. She might prosecute him for assault, but, as has been suggested, he being Governor could pardon himself. She might have Nicolini challenge him to a singing contest at so much a side, or she might—well, in the whole, it seems that the best thing one can do is to do as she is doing, and get all the advertising out of the little episode there is in it.

If, however, Governors are to be allowed privileges like this, then there may be some hope for politics yet, which have been thought to be declining in public estimation. When once it is known that these things are perquisites of office, then even the most respectable and worthy of our citizens may consent to enter the political scramble. [Courier Journal.]

The Farewell Kiss.

Among the confused mass who were struggling and screaming we noticed a middle aged man and his wife. Their conduct was in marked contrast with that of the other passengers. The panic which had seized the others was not shared by them, but their blanched faces told that they realized the peril which surrounded them. The only movement of muscles or nerves was that produced by the chilling atmosphere. They stood close together, their hands clasped in each other, as if about to contemplate suicide together, and thus fulfill the marital vow of standing by each other in the varying tide of life's fortunes and misfortunes. As the wreck careered with the gale from one side to the other, and while the spray and waves were drenching them at every moment, the husband turned and imprinted a kiss upon the companion of his life, and while thus embraced a heavy sea broke over the wreck and both were washed away and not seen afterward. Mr. Cook says the scene was one which will remain indelibly impressed upon his memory until his dying day. [Wreck of the Columbia.]

Were With Him.

When Gen. Hancock passed through Little Rock recently, he was approached by a lean old fellow who asked:

"An' you air the man what run for president?"

"Yes," the general replied, lifting his double chin.

"But they put it on yer, didn't they?"

"I believe they did," replied the general, letting his chin down.

"Wall I want say this, general. Yer fit me an' my boys durin' the war, but dinged if we ain't with yer. When my boys heard that yer was comin' through, they said to me, 'pop,' says they, 'go ter town an' if yer see the general tell him that we are with him!' An' say, general, the Simmons boys fit yer but they're with yer," and as the train moved off the old fellow yelled.

"Say, General, tell yer folks that we air with yer."

"Patti eats onions." We now begin to comprehend that weary, wish-I-could-go-and-drown-myself look which always gathers in the eyes of the tenor fellow when the little diva puts up her rosebud mouth for a stage kiss.

The flashes of light from the burning well at Wardfield are plainly visible at Louisa—a distance of twenty-eight miles. [Lawrence County Index.]

What Stopped It.

One day last fall a number of Virginians got together at Wheeling and organized a railroad company with a capital of \$30,000,000. Directors and officers were elected, prospectus written, a memorial asking for a charter drawn up, and the meeting adjourned for one week. Two or three days later, the President met one of the most enthusiastic of his co-laborers and said:

"Our whole project is dished?"

"No!"

"Sure's you live?"

"How's that?"

"Why yesterday I got a horse and rode over the first five miles of the proposed line. I discovered that we should need ten cattle guards, six culverts and a \$500 bridge in that distance, making an outlay of at least \$1,000, and we might as well lay down our cards."

"Why, colonel?"

"Why? Because the whole idiotic gang of us will be dead-broke by the time we pay for the printing of that prospectus and give a reporter \$5 for booming the project."

"That's so—that's so," mused the other. "Why, colonel, I never had the remotest idea that we should want to use a dollar except to buy French mirrors for the President's office." [Wall Street News.]

THE DAKOTA BLIZZARD.—The recent Dakota blizzard is described as having made its appearance on a warm, sun-shiny day and as looking at a distance like a solid white wall, moving with great velocity. So dense was it with frost and ice that objects only a few feet distant could not be seen and persons overtaken by it were at once bewildered and benumbed, and many lost their lives before they could reach a place of safety. The source of these storms seems to be as much of a mystery as the origin of the hurricane or cyclone, to which they correspond in a good many respects; but the general belief is that they are provoked by Arctic wind currents chilling the watery vapor from the Pacific, the condensation augmenting as the storm sweeps onward. Observations are now being made on the northern coast of Alaska with a view of ascertaining something definite about the character and general influence of these mysterious currents and it is hoped that the result may be such as to furnish means for anticipating the blizzard and thus robbing it of much of its present terror. [St. Louis Globe Democrat.]

THE BOY WAS ALL RIGHT.—A clothing dealer down on Jefferson avenue was dancing around the door of his store in a rage yesterday, when an acquaintance halted and asked him the cause of his excitement.

"Vay, dot new boy of mine sells a man a hat for a dollar dot when marked twelve shillings!"

"And you lose 50 cents?"

"Feefy cents! I discharge dot boy so quick his head don't haf time to swim!"

In the course of an hour the pedestrian was repossessing the store and seeing the man at the door with a smile on his face he asked:

"Well, did you discharge the boy?"

"Dot boy vhas all right sir! When I come to inquire into it I don't let him go if I haf to pay him more wages. He makes a mistake on price, but ven he gifts back der change for a \$10 bill he gets me rid of all my trade dollars and pieces mit holes in 'em!" [Chicago Tribune.]

THE PRESIDENT KNOWS A PRETTY WOMAN WHEN HE SEES HER.—Among those at the reception was a beautiful young married lady, a Mrs. C—, whose display of magnificent shoulders and bust left little to be desired. In the very heart of her corage rested a splendid jacquemint rose. During the evening the President sought her side and engaged for a few moments in an animated conversation. At the close she looked at the handsome Marshal Niel in the President's lapel, touching it with her fan. I do not know what was said, of course, but the President's eyes sought the jacquemint in the corage and at once the lady took it from its beautiful resting place, while the President removed his flower from his coat. Then there was an exchange. The fair one slipped the Marshal Niel into the vacant place with a pretty blush and the President placed her rose to his lips before placing it in his lapel. And all the observers smiled. [Washington Capital.]

The rubber rings used to assist in keeping the air from fruit cans sometimes become so dry and brittle as to be almost useless. They can be restored to a normal condition, usually, by letting them lie in water in which you have put a little ammonia. Mix in this proportion, one part ammonia and two parts water. Sometimes they do not need to lie in this more than five minutes, but frequently a half hour is needed to restore their elasticity.

A young man, who had been going with a Vermont girl for some time and had made her several presents, asked her one day if she would accept a puppy. He was awful mad when she replied that her mother had told her if he proposed to her to say "no."

A church in Bavaria, accommodating 1,000 people, has been almost entirely built of papier mache, which can be supplied at a cost little above that of plaster. It can be made to imitate the finest marble, as it takes a polish superior to slate.

"Courtship is Probation."

There are some good words that have almost dropped out of the English language because the thing which they describe has gone out of fashion. Courtship is such a word. Of playing court in the old fashioned way to a lady, with expectancy that it will take time for acquaintance to blossom into friendship and friendship to ripen into love, there is not much in our days. Instead we have the man "falling in love," for which our novels are partially responsible; which have much marrying in haste and repenting in leisure to answer for because of their false teaching in exalting impetuous passion above calm, patient, intelligent love.

No love of young man or maiden is worth having that is not honest, simple, guileless; that depends on theatrical surroundings—dress, dance, music, social excitement; that flourishes only in the atmosphere of a ball-room, a party, or a theatre; that can not sing in the heart in working hours. The lover that needs such stimulants to awaken his love or keep it alive has no love that will long survive marriage. [Christian Union.]

HATING PEOPLE.—Hate not. It is not worth while. Your life is not long enough to make it pay to cherish ill will or hard thought toward any one. What if that man has cheated you or that woman played you false? What if that friend has forsaken you in your time of need, or that one having won your utmost confidence, your warmest love, has concluded that he prefers to consider you as a stranger? Let it all pass. What difference will it make to you in a few years, when you go hence to the "undiscovered country"? All who treat you wrong now will be more sorry for it than you, even in your deepest disappointment and grief can be. A few more smiles, a few more tears, some pleasure, much pain, a little longer hurrying and worrying in the world, some hasty greetings and shrill farewells and life will be over, and the injured and the injured will be laid away and ere long forgotten. It is not worth while to hate each other. [Catholic Herald.]

FELINE PRESCIENCE.—I must give a fact which was communicated to me many years ago by an old physician, of which the good old man assured me he was an eye witness. In his house were two cats, each with a litter of kittens but a few days old. One of the cats was very young, it was her first litter, and the old cat was her mother. It was noticed that the younger cat did not seem well. Each had a litter herself, although both were in the same room. As the old cat lay suckling her own litter the young cat came to her mother and made a low mew, then went to her own litter. The old cat followed her and immediately began removing the grand kittens, adding them to her own. The truth was, she had adopted them, and seemingly at the request of their mother, for not many more minutes had elapsed before they were orphaned by their mother's death. [S. Lockwood, Amer. Naturalist.]

A HUMBLE CONFESSION.—Who is that little woman, with laughing eyes and dark brown hair, and physiognomy so fair? My wife. Who's not as meek as she appears, who doesn't believe one half she hears, and towards me entertains no fears? My consort. Who wakes me up on every morning, about the time the day is dawning, my protestations calmly scorning? My tooter wooter. Who marks my clothes with India ink, and darses my stockings quick as wink, while I sit by and smoke and think? My companion for life. Who asks me every day for money, with countenance demure and funny, and calls me "pretty boy" and "honey"? My little woman. Who runs this house night and day, and over all exerts her sway; who's boss of this shanty, anyway? My better half!

ABLE TO STAND IT.—"I regret to inform you," said a railroad superintendent to one of the conductors of the line, "that after the first of the month all salaries will be reduced 10 per cent."

"Ah, indeed," replied the conductor indifferently, "and will your salary be subjected to the same reduction?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I feel sorry for the engineers and brakemen, poor fellows; but you and I—we can stand it, eh, old boy?" and the light hearted puncher of tickets poked the superintendent in the ribs.

The Louisville & Nashville road is laid with steel rails the entire distance between Cincinnati and New Orleans, excepting 76 miles of track extending from 11 miles this side of Decatur to 65 miles the other side. The iron this side of Decatur will be torn up and replaced with heavy steel rails very soon, and the remaining 65 miles of iron will very probably be taken up during the present year and replaced with steel.

Rev. J. G. Wood possessed for four years a large lump of dry Nile mud, a hole in one of its sides showing that a mudfish was within it. The other day he carefully cut the lump open and found the inhabitant in good condition, doubled up, with its tail over its head, just as it went to sleep more than twenty years ago.

Kentucky justice is terrible as a two edged sword and swift as a four-mile racer. Two young men caught climbing into a lady's room were promptly expelled from the Cynthia's Dancing Club. [State Journal.]

Poking Fun at a "Navigable Stream Legislator."

The Hon. T. G. Stuart, of Clark county, had passed in the Legislature last week a bill to declare certain creeks in Lewis county navigable. Also bills to declare Rock Fork of the Kentucky River, Bent Creek, Little South, Fork Peter Creek and Big Creek, in this State, navigable streams. Now, while Mr. Stuart has hand in his constituents over the river should take advantage of the opportunity to have Pretty Run in Winchester and East Four Mile and other creeks in Clark county declared navigable. A line of steamers plying on the placid bosom of East Four Mile, say from Raney's mill to Pinch 'em Slyly, would be a grand sight, and would doubtless add to the commerce and prestige of the country; and a fleet of royal mail steamships riding the bounding billows of Pretty Run from Pointerville to Hathaway's Addition, would afford Winchester such a boom as she has never yet enjoyed. [Richmond Register.]

What Cincinnati needs now is a Hanging Festival. During the past eighteen years more than a hundred murders have been committed in this county. We began the present year with twenty four murderers in jail and fourteen out on bond. Four more were added to the list in February, and several in January. Several attempts to bring to trial two who confessed their guilt have failed, and others would doubtless plead guilty if they were only given an opportunity. Ohio led all the States in the number of murders last year and yet the party in power at that time can find no better issue upon which to get back into power than the charge that the Southern States do not punish murderers. Hanging, like charity, ought to begin at home. [News Journal.]

Rev. Mr. Fulton, of Brooklyn, is horrified that a clergyman should attend a theatre. He said in his sermon last Sunday: "Place me upon a polar iceberg, where no verdure greets the eye, where naught but the white bear's growl can be heard; let me live where no friend shall cheer me with his smile; but me in prison; but do not, oh, do not compel me to mingle with the ungodly crowd of a theatre."

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NEW YORK, 1884.

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